



# The Old Lady



👁 150 ✓ 3 ★ 11

## Chapter 1 by Shae

The policeman sat on the sofa with his pen and notebook in his hands. The old lady came in with a cup of tea and set it down on the table in front of him.

“Before you take me down to the station perhaps I should tell you why I did it, officer” she said. “The truth is, it was mostly for the company. It gets very lonely when you’re an old lady and young people never seem to want to spend any time with me. I enjoy just sitting and talking.”

The policeman stared at her impassively.

“Mrs Ordway was the very first,” she said as she sat down in her comfy armchair. “I remember it like it was yesterday. She came to my door selling beauty products. I invited her inside and made her a cup of tea. I went to the kitchen and fetched my axe. Then, when she least suspected it, I crept up behind her and chopped off her head.”

“The next one was Mr Bilgeman. He was a plumber and he came to fix my leaky pipes. While he was taking a break from his work, I made him a cup of tea. Then, I took my axe out from behind the sofa and chopped off his head too.”

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“The third one was the pa... like I did it. I invited her inside while I looked for my purse. He didn’t dr... I love... ren can’t resist cookies.

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While he was munching away on the cookies, I began chopping with my axe and his head came off as well."

"I stuffed all the heads and placed them on my mantelpiece. I talk to them. Day and night. I carry on conversations with them. It helps with the loneliness. The only problem was what to do with the bodies. I couldn't stuff them all. It would have been too much work. So, I came up with an ingenious solution."

"What did I do? It was simple. I stuffed one body and used it for all of the heads. When I was tired of talking to one of them, I would take off the head, put it back on the mantelpiece and put another head on the body. Isn't that clever?"

The policeman didn't answer.

"Well, I'm getting a little bored with our conversation, officer," the old lady said with a sigh.

She stood up, took off the policeman's head and put it back on the mantelpiece. Then, she took down the saleswoman's head and placed it on the body.

"Oh, good afternoon, Mrs Ordway," she said. "It's so nice to see you again. How have you been?"

## Chapter 2 by kookaburra



Then the doorbell rang...

## Chapter 3 by Flavio



She looked through the spy-hole and stared at that beautiful woman with the eyes of a passionate lover.

Mrs Lockwell, an high school teacher, a missing piece to her miscellaneous set of heads.

"Hello darling, what brings you here?"

The sound of her voice came sweetly right after the sound of the door opening.

"Hi, I'm sorry to bother you, but we are taking a neighborhood satisfaction survey. As you will know, we

"You don't mind talking about it before a client sees it, do you?"

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An hypnotic serenity, underlying those words, together with a smile that resembled her grammy's one, convinced the young teacher that, at that moment, there was nothing better to do than to accept such a gentle invitation.

Thus, as a convicted enters in the death row, she stepped through that pink, flower-textured, door.

#### Chapter 4 by adware



She had something special planned for her latest guest. She'd been reading a very interesting book to her heads to get them ready for bed, all about the various ways executioners of old kept the tedium out of the removing countless heads from countless bodies, day in and day out. Some challenged themselves to cut off all the hair on the victim's head with their axe as a test of skill before delivering the final blow. Others would tie the victim up in a sack, hang the sack from a tree, and attempt to decapitate on the first slice of their axe, like a mix of pin the tail on the donkey and a pinata. But her favorite to read of were the executioners who would dive great distances and attempt to get a clean cut on their downswing.

Mrs. Ordway wasn't as spry as she once was, but she was pretty sure she could get the altitude from her stair chair and let gravity do the rest. She guided the teacher to the couch, then slapped her own head.

"Oh my, I just remembered I left the sugar upstairs. I'll be just a moment Mrs. Lockwell."

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